

To One of Our Readers

A friend of the EVANGELIST in renewing his subscription accompanied with the cash, writes as follows :

Some one was kind enough to send us the EVANGELIST for one year, so will renew now as not to lose a copy. I was a member of the Brethren church at one time, but hard knocks and chasing after the world's goods I have let myself be switched off on the wrong track ; but still I am in sympathy with God's people, and with anything that tends to make men and women better, to make life happier and easier. The EVANGELIST editorials seem to be in sympathy with suffering humanity. They are elevating and refreshing, something not usually found in a church paper and written by a minister of the gospel. As a general thing most church papers are dry reading to the common, every day sinner. I suppose there is such a thing as being in touch with such reading ; but let me say that we are all in touch,—Christian, sinner, poor and rich—with the writings of the EVANGELIST. So you have our thanks for the good you are doing, and if I may ask it, may God's blessing forever rest on the EVANGELIST.

We publish this letter not for what it says about our editorial work, but that we may speak a word from the heart to the good brother who wrote it, and to others who may be in a like situation. We also publish it to show the missionary possibilities in the EVANGELIST, not half as much used as they ought to be, and as they will be when that endowment is realized ; possibilities which when fully developed mean the building up of the Brethren church into a great family, numbering its hundreds of thousands, and spread from ocean to ocean.

You have let yourself be switched off ; but the Lord has not let go of you ; that is evident. He has held on to you all this time, keeping a warm place in your heart for the truth, and for God's people, and kindling afresh the waning fires by the quiet coming of the EVANGELIST. Since God has not let you go, you cannot let yourself go. His love will constrain you to come back to the fold. You will not resist that love, that patience, that forbearance, that long suffering tenderness of the Heavenly Father. Come back, and bring your loved ones with you.

We know all about the knocks. The world is full of them. So many struggling, half discouraged thousands are battling all their life long with this experience of hardness. They look at their growing children, they know how callous and cruel the world is, they know how selfishness and greed harden the human heart to human suffering, how it destroys the tenderest ties ; they know how those little ones will be kicked and cuffed around the world, and perhaps hardened in their turn by its bitter experiences ; and these things justify them in chasing after this world's goods, that a shelter may be provided for the lambs of the family fold. But how can we afford to leave the good Lord out of our plans and calculations, or to be switched off of the narrow way which alone will lead us and our children out of all worldly trouble

and danger ? "Trust in the Lord, and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed." A man need not give up business to serve the Lord, but when he gives up the Lord he gives up everything. "Be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." This is the main line, the trunk road of success both temporal and eternal. If you are switched off, by all means switch back, go on to the main line again, and shout to all temptations and obstructions, "*Clear the track.*" When the devil sees you coming along in earnest, he will get out of the way, and gnaw his fingers in vexation that another immortal soul has gained experience of his wiles and has got on the road again to glory with headway enough to get there. May God bless you, my brother, and grant us to shout glad halleluiahs together at the end of the journey, and safely inside the pearly gates.

Miracle Workers

The miracle of St. Januarius, in which the dried up blood of the martyr is annually "liquefied" and exhibited to worshipping multitudes who reverently kiss the sacred phials, is the subject of a letter from St. Killian More, in Naples, to the *Freeman*, a Catholic journal published in New York. It seems that the blood in the phials liquefies in answer to about ninety minutes of prayer, and instantly the miracle is announced by a salvo of artillery, while thousands join the procession to the shrine of the martyr.

We wonder if Mr. More imagines that Americans can be made to believe such stuff, or that they can be taught to regard such profound and ridiculous superstition as in any sense consonant with revealed religion. The thing, however, is characteristic of Catholicism, which flourishes best where the densest darkness prevails, and proves its title to infernal invention by always making that darkness if possible more profound. These pretended miracles, which serve the manifest purpose of deceiving the credulous multitude, have always occupied an important place in the Romish policy, where they have indeed been so potent and so useful as to establish a rule of deception. That is to say, miracle working, instead of being, as it was in the days of Christ and the apostles one of the principal credentials of truth, has degenerated into an invariable sign and accompaniment of error, hypocrisy and false religion. Human credulity, more blind than total blindness because it *will* not see, doesn't want to see, a blindness intensified beyond belief by wilful and inveterate hostility to the light, runs greedily after these spurious miracles, and this is the philosophy which accounts for the rapid growth of such acknowledged frauds as Theosophy, Christian Science, and other upstart imitations of the venerable old Romish lie. The prepos-

terous credulity of unbelief is one of those paradoxes in human nature which dumbfound all the sanity that remains in philosophic thought. The explanation is not far to seek. It is itself the apotheosis of insanity, madness gone mad, moral and spiritual ruin plunged and buried in the profounder ruin which yawns beneath.

Stonewall Jackson Drunk

The celebrated Confederate general was a pietist of the severest type. He was always praying, analyzing his inner religious experience, always punctual and punctilious in the discharge of his religious duties. He rendered a sort of military obedience to all sorts of rigid rules for the guidance of his private life, and never spared himself any sacrifice or any labor in practically arriving at the fulfillment of his ideal. He hated revelry, profanity and drunkenness with a perfect hatred, and allowed none of these vices within his sight or hearing. His military staff had so many preachers and elders in it, that but for the actual war business which they were prosecuting with such fearful energy it might have been mistaken for a traveling church organization. On one occasion, however, this dignified company witnessed a strange transformation. It was on the Romney expedition early in the history of the war. The weather was intensely cold, and Col. Preston, Jackson's chief of staff, himself a Presbyterian Elder, seeing that the Commander was suffering severely, offered him a flask of whiskey which he had provided against the exposure of the journey. Jackson having no experience of the effects of the fiery liquid, but receiving it from a trusted superior officer in his church, drank long at the flask, to the amused apprehension of his officers, who saw that he was taking too much. Of course the whiskey was no respecter of persons—never is,—and in a few moments the dignified General went charging up and down the road at full gallop, sword in hand, giving his officers the liveliest dance they ever had trying to keep out of his way. This is said to be a true story, and it illustrates the union of the ludicrous and the tragical in the spectacular of drink. Its real office is the destruction of reputation, character, happiness, usefulness, the life of the body and the life of the soul, but lest these frightful results should alarm its intended victims, it assumes a cloak of ludicrousness, exciting amusement and laughter where there should be nothing but a sense of horror and aversion.

Hints For Preachers

We do not know the author of the following. It appeared in *The Christian*, Boston, Mass., over "Selected." It seems to us to be too valuable to be lost. We trust every minister in the Brethren church, and all other readers of the EVANGELIST will give it a careful and prayerful perusal. It is worthy